

# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1911

NUMBER 36



CATCHING MINNOWS.—Curran.

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*Do you know the meaning of goodness?  
I will tell you. It is first to avoid hurting any-  
thing, and then to contrive to give as much  
pleasure as you can.*

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

## Vacation.

Hail, that long-awaited day  
When the school-books laid away,  
All the thoughts of merry youngsters turn  
from pages back to play!  
Done with lesson and with rule,  
Done with teacher and with school,  
Stray the vagrant hearts of childhood to the  
tempting wood and pool!

Here the green woods cry and call,  
Through the summer to the fall,  
"We are waiting, waiting, waiting, with a  
welcome for you all!"  
Hear the lads take up the cry,  
With an echo, shrill and high:  
"We are coming, coming, coming, for vaca-  
tion time is nigh!"

*Selected.*

*For The Beacon.*

## Walking in White Raiment.

BY BERTHA BURNHAM BARTLETT.

The chapel was very quiet as Madam Varney read the names of the girls who were to take honors. Then, when last of all Gail Purden's name was read as that of the valedictorian-to-be, a perfect wave of applause rolled through the building. Gail was popular.

For weeks thereafter there was little else talked of, commencement, with all it means, filling the minds of the girls of Burbank Academy. Was it not going to be not only "the" great event of the graduates' lives, but, as well, the event of the Seminary's whole existence? For Burbank was at that time to celebrate her fiftieth anniversary in fitting fashion, inviting to the commencement all the former students of the school, many of whom had already signified their intention of being present.

As a matter of course, perhaps, the chief subject of conversation among the graduates

at least was that of dress. Strangely enough, however, Gail Purden was provokingly reticent regarding the dress which she expected to wear, merely assuring her classmates that they would be surprised—she felt sure they would be surprised—when they saw her arrayed for her part.

It was Gail's chum who startled her into a confession of the way that matters stood, however, coming upon her one Sunday afternoon down in the glen,—Senior Glen—sobbing as if she were fifteen instead of nineteen and the most dignified of all the Seniors.

"I'm just a little goose," she said at last, wiping the tears away, and putting her arm around chum Bernice who was half a head taller than herself. "I have told myself I didn't care a bit, but I suppose I'm just like all other girls. I do love pretty clothes so, Bernie, though I've tried to act superior all these years. But now I've begun I'm going to make a clean breast of the matter to you, darling. It's been—oh, the hardest kind of a fight to keep me here these four



years. There are so many of us at home—and father has neither health nor money, and so for that reason I've simply had to go shabby. You girls thought it was because I had a mind above such things; but time and again I've just had to grit my teeth to keep the tears back. But I've had my cry now and feel better. Please don't think me foolish."

"But you're—you're—surely you are going to have a new dress now," stammered Bernice, tactlessly. Gail shook her head, her old bright smile once more doing brave duty.

"Can't!" she said decisively. "My light gingham has got to serve this time. Sorry if it should bother the girls, but really and honestly, Bernice, I couldn't let father get me one for this affair. Let's not think of it any more, Bernice."

But Bernice did think of it; how could she help it? If it were any one else but the valedictorian who was to wear an old gingham, it would not seem so positively dreadful. But every one of the girls had had a new dress, fluffy and dainty and soft and white—every one but Gail. Oh, if only she could think of some way to get such a dress for Gail as she deserved!

Such scurrying about as there was a week later as the forty graduates prepared for church and the baccalaureate sermon. And, just as Gail was about to don the daintily made but still ungraduate-like gingham, Bernice whirled about with a sudden exclamation.

"Gail! Madam Varney told me to tell you to go to her room at *once*—and that was half an hour ago. Just slip my kimono on, dear, and scud. There's a darling. She'll forgive you for being late."

The instant the door closed behind Gail's slippered feet Bernice dropped her own preparations for the day. The gingham, fresh and crisp, together with the rest of Gail's commencement "finery," she gathered into one crushed armful and thrust all unceremoniously into the wardrobe, locking the door and flinging the key out of the window. Next she carefully transferred her own dainty belongings to Gail's bed, and then began to dress in what had hitherto been her very best white gown.

Then the door opened.

"She wanted to—Why, Bernice!" Started, almost indignant, Gail's voice rang out as she discovered the surprising change made during her absence. "What have you done with my dress—what?"

"It's all right," smiled Bernice. "Don't scold, dear. You can't help yourself. Your things are all in the wardrobe, but even I don't know where the key is, and so you'll have to 'take the goods the gods provide,' child. Really, dear, I flatter myself that no one will even notice that I am wearing my old dress; but you are valedictorian and will be the observed of all observers. Besides I sat up till almost midnight shortening this skirt, so, if I wanted to, I couldn't wear it now. *Don't* be angry, Gail, darling."

No, Gail couldn't be angry at the loving interference of her friend, and so, because it was already growing late, both girls hurriedly completed their toilets that they might reach the church in time to march with the other graduates down the long aisle to the places assigned to them.

Slowly, with girlish dignity, they marched down the aisle, Gail Purden in her beautiful gown leading by right of the wonderful scholarship manifested during four long

years of school life, while Bernice, poor child, who never was known to more than barely "pass" in any subject, brought up the rear in her old but still very dainty frock, which, as she had said, no one even noticed.

The whole service was sweet and impressive, as to graduates the baccalaureate service always is; but to our two friends it seemed peculiarly beautiful, for the preacher's text was this:

"They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy."

*For The Beacon.*

## The Trip to Daisy Bridge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

### Chapter III.

The old man in the boat had not seen them yet, and they drew back quickly into the bushes to talk over this new trouble.

"Perhaps we could saw some wood for him, too," said Dot, but Charlie shook his head.

"A man can saw his own wood. He wouldn't hire it done unless he was rich. If we could only think of some way of earning the money right now, that would be best of all."

He looked all about at the rocks and trees, as if they might tell him how to get money, but there seemed to be no way in sight.

At last they went and sat down on a rock back of a thicket of alder bushes.

"I knew it was too good to be true about going to a picnic at Daisy Bridge," sighed Dot. "I felt all the time as if something was going to happen."

"I feel as if a lot had happened," Charlie said. "But it does seem silly to think we can't get to Daisy Bridge when we're so near. Look, you can see it!"

He pointed across the water, and, sure enough, they could see the bridge and the picnic grounds beyond with white tents, gay flags, and crowds of people coming and going.

Dot could hardly keep back her tears as she looked.

"Dot," said Charlie suddenly, "what's that down in this bunch of grass?"

Dot winked and looked where her brother pointed.

"It's a stem of the biggest strawberries I've seen this year, and here's another and another—why, Charlie, they're thick as spatter all through these bunches of grass!"

Charlie picked up the empty luncheon basket, which they had carried through all their troubles.

"Come on!" he said. "Let's get it full. Maybe the ferryman will take strawberries for his pay. Anyway, it's too bad not to pick such thumping big ones."

It was only a small task to fill the basket, the berries were so large. They heaped it up with delicious clusters, taking care not to spoil their new clothes.

Then they carried them down to the shore, where the ferryman was still waiting with his boat.

"Most thought I wasn't going to have any more passengers to-day," he said, as he saw them coming. "What you got in that basket, neighbors?"

They showed him, and Dot said:

"We thought perhaps you would take them for pay for carrying us over to Daisy Bridge."

"That's right, too. I guess you're one of the smart ones," said the ferryman with a nod. "I'll be glad to have my supper all picked when I get home, I tell you. You can call and get the basket first time you come this way."

"We're coming down to work for Aunt Nanny, if mother will let us," they told him, joyfully, as the boat slid out upon the smooth water.

It was a beautiful row over to the picnic grounds. Looking back they could see the low green shore and Aunt Nanny's little house among the bushes. Looking ahead, they saw Daisy Bridge and the picnic grounds, while away up the pond they could see the wide open water, like a floor of blue and silver stretching back to the foot of a great green hill.

"Why, we forgot Ragweed!" said Dot after a while.

"She'll be all right with Aunt Nanny," said Charlie. "Unless," he added, looking a little anxious, "she unties the rope and tries to lead her into the barn. She's got a trick of pulling away when I do that and going off at a gallop."

"Oh, well, I don't think Aunt Nanny would try to untie her," said Dot.

They landed close to the pretty rustic bridge under some great willows.

"We've got to Daisy Bridge at last!" said Charlie, as they jumped ashore.

"Oh, my, so has Ragweed!" cried Dot, pointing to the white calf, walking towards one of the tents with her rope dragging.

"Yes, it's Ragweed, all right!" Charlie said. "Aunt Nanny did untie her, and she's come all the way round by the fields at a dead run. What shall we do, Dot?"

"Oh, we must hide her somewhere!" whispered Dot. "Look, she's smelling of that tent. She'll be walking right into it next! I don't want anybody to know she belongs to us."

They managed to creep up behind the tent and get hold of Ragweed's rope. They led her away into a clump of bushes and tied her fast to a tree.

"There, Ragweed, now you'll be all right till we're ready to go home," said Charlie. "You've had your fun. Now it's our turn."

It was getting well along in the afternoon now, but the good time was still going on. There were swings and little tents for selling ice-cream and other nice things, and a motor boat was making regular trips to a little green island where sweet flag grew. Banners were flying and crowds of happy children were roaming about everywhere.

Dot and Charlie soon found some old friends and plenty of new ones, and they felt as if they had had a whole day of fun when at last they sat down to the long table where the picnic supper was set out.

"Just think how we felt when we were tumbling round in that swamp," said Charlie to Dot in a low voice. "What a lot we've been through since we met the bird man this morning—only I don't care, now it's turned out so well!"

He stopped short, for everybody around him had begun to laugh.

"What's the matter? Do you suppose they're laughing at us? We ain't doing a thing!" whispered Dot, indignantly.

Then she stopped, too, and stared, her cheeks getting as red as poppies.

Down between the big tables, sauntering along as if she were thinking what to take a bite of next, came Ragweed! She was smeared with mud, her rope (broken in two



in the middle this time) flapped under her neck, and she had a piece of wild vine trailing from her horn.

"O Charlie, she's just a sight! What will folks say when they find out she's ours!" whispered Dot, ready to cry.

They sat with burning cheeks, trying to think what to do, when something else happened which took all eyes away from Ragweed.

Up the road that led from the centre village to the Falls beyond came a fat old elephant, wagging his ears lazily and putting his feet down in little puffs of dust. Behind him painted wagons came in a string, loaded with gayly dressed people and cages of wild animals.

"It's the circus, just as we read about it on the bill!" cried Charlie. "There's the dancing bear, standing up without any rope on him in a wagon!"

There was a sudden cry from the people

at the other end of the table which was close to the road. It was not surprising either; for the brown bear, smelling the good things of the feast perhaps, had scrambled out at the back of the wagon, and was coming up between the tables, sniffing hungrily and wagging his head.

"He's coming right straight at us!" cried Dot, turning pale.

The children at the tables began to scream, and the bear came on with a rush. Probably he was only frightened at the noise, but it looked as if he were hungry and angry. What might have happened in another minute it would be hard to say; but just then Ragweed, coming from the other direction, saw the bear.

Perhaps she thought it was a big dog like her friend Bruno in the barn at home, who was always ready to have a game of romps with her. At any rate she flung up her heels and charged, head down, at the bear so quickly that he turned and ran back to the circus man, who was coming after him. Ragweed ran, too, and disappeared, with her tail in the air, into some bushes.

"Oh, dear, now she'll be more lost than ever!" sighed Dot.

"We must go after her, if 'tis right in the middle of supper," said Charlie.

At that instant a long, shrill whistle made everybody jump.

"It's the bird man," cried Dot. "He's got her, too! He said he would whistle if he found Ragweed."

They ran in the direction of the sound, and soon saw that Dot was right. The bird man was laughing as he tied the little cow to the back of a wagon, which stood in the bushes with a horse harnessed to it.

"It's all right," he called. "I've got a team, and I'll keep her here till you're ready to go home, and then I'll take the whole lot



"WINNING HOME" BOYS.

of you. Go back now and have a good time. It's only half-past five."

When they got back to their places at the supper table, they found that Ragweed was a heroine. Everybody was talking about how the little white cow had driven the bear away. And, so far from being ashamed of her, Dot and Charlie felt quite proud to be in her company.

*The end.*

*For The Beacon.*

### Winning Home.

BY DANIEL W. PRATT.

Winning Home! Where is it? and what is it for?

Winning Home is a large farmhouse situated on the top of a hill in the middle of an one hundred and sixty-acre farm. It is a typical New England farm, with its tillage land, pastures, and woods, and is devoted to the use of poor children. This farm is located only ten miles from Boston.

Between the farm buildings there is a large stone post which marks the corner of three towns, and, although the buildings are quite near to each other, the large house where the children live is in Woburn, the farmer's cottage is in Winchester, and the large farm barn is in Lexington. On this farm William Henry Winning was born, lived, and died. He was one of those sturdy New England farmers who worked hard and saved his money a little at a time. He wanted to do some good with that money and his farm.

In his trips to Boston to sell the products from his farm, he used to see the children of the tenements and the many disadvantages under which they lived, without the benefit of good food and pure air which he as a child had enjoyed. He wanted to better their condition in some way.

Mr. Winning never was married, but he loved children, and before he died he wrote his will, giving his farm and some of his money "for the benefit of orphan or other destitute children." The trustees under his will transformed the little farmhouse into "Winning Home" and provided twenty little rooms for the children-guests and equipped the house with modern conveniences. Here during the school vacation term some two hundred and fifty children from the tenements of Boston are given a ten days' outing, and such nice times as they do have!

The twenty cows furnish an ample supply of good fresh milk; an unfailing spring plenty of pure water; and, the home being situated on the top of a hill where the breezes always blow, there is plenty of cool, pure air.

The picture shows a group of the boys having a ride with one of the gentle farm-horses which seems to enjoy the fun as much as the boys. We wish you could hear them sing the "Winning Farm Song."

*[Dedicated to the Children who love Winning Farm.]*

Far from the city's heat and noise  
There stands a lovely home,  
Where many happy girls and boys  
In the summer months may roam.  
A breeze from heaven bathes the brows  
Of the children gathered there,  
And fills their hearts with praise and love  
For the country home so fair.

CHORUS.

O Winning Farm, thy praise I sing!  
I hold thy memory dear,  
I love thy flowers and waving trees,  
Thy woodlands far and near.  
Thy hills and valleys fertile green  
Will never lose their charm.  
My heart shall sing its love for thee,—  
Three cheers for Winning Farm!

CHARLES FOREST BARTER.



For The Beacon.

## Oaks and Obedience.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

The oak has always been the emblem of strength. It grips the soil so tightly that the wind cannot blow it over, as is often done with other kinds of trees. And its wood is so tough and strong that it is used for all purposes where much depends upon strength. In that way it is perhaps the most honored of all the trees.

This really seems wonderful when you consider that the oak was once a tiny, helpless acorn, small and insignificant. The transformation of the one to the other is one of the greatest wonders of nature. That the acorn life should be able to develop such great strength and power seems almost impossible. Every one of us wishes to become strong, like the oak. We wish to be so strong that, when the winds of temptation blow upon us and the tempests of temptation beat upon us from every side, we shall, like the oak, be strong and secure.

How can it be done? By what magic is the acorn able to transform itself into the oak tree? What fairy secret has it learned that it is able to do such wonderful things? These are questions that every one of us, I am sure, would like to answer or have answered for us.

Now, I think I can tell you the secret of it. It may not be the whole secret, but it is enough of it to give you a clue to the answering of the questions we have just asked. And, after all, we all have to answer our own questions if we are really going to understand the answers.

The secret is simply *obedience*.

That answer is not very clear, is it? Let me make it a little more plain, by showing you the relation between oaks and obedience.

In the tiny acorn was the little oak-self. It might have been content to sleep always in its small, snug cradle. In there it had nothing to do but simply to lie quiet. It would have been very easy for it to have kept on sleeping.

But, when springtime came, there came a command also. Something outside bade it come out of its acorn home, and something within it responded obediently to the call.

So it obeyed the voice of nature and was true to its own true oak-self. And it struggled faithfully to obey the command, until one day it burst the shell and took root in the earth beneath it.

Do you not think that, when the little oak-self found only the dark earth outside, it might have hesitated about going any farther? It must have felt that it was making a mistake to break up so cosy and comfortable a home.

But every oak that ever grew was so obedient to the command that it thrust its roots into the dark earth, and then worked its way upward toward the light. And every day it grew deeper and higher, until at last it became a perfect oak.

In the same way must you and I become strong and oak-like. There comes to each one of us the call to grow, and, if we obey, we shall become strong. But, if we disobey, we shall certainly become very weak and frail and useless.

To become strong we must be true to the command of our true self. There is always that within each one of us that bids us be good and brave and strong. In every moment of temptation it commands us to turn

aside from the wrong. In every time of weakness it bids us use the strength we possess and by which we can overcome all evil.

Everything depends upon our obedience. To obey means life and progress and growth and goodness and strength. To obey means to fulfil the purposes of God concerning us, just as obedience makes the acorn what God intended it to be,—an oak.

## QUESTION BOX.

*What can a minister or superintendent do for his pupils during the vacation weeks?*

For several years past, Mr. John Edwards, Superintendent of the Sunday school in Waverley, Mass., has provided for his pupils cards on which are printed Bible references for Sunday readings. Many of his pupils have followed these schedules, so that on each Sunday of the vacation they are reading together the same passage. These selections have usually been made in series, so that the reading will be cumulative in its effect. Other churches have followed similar plans.

Rev. Mr. Skerrye, of Templeton, Mass., follows his younger children with brief messages, not only during the longer separation of the summer, but during brief absences at any time in the year. One such note, assuring a distant child that he is not forgotten by his minister or superintendent, will go farther than many other assurances to convince him that he is really cared for by those in authority.

Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, who has been having a year abroad, has written to the children of his Sunday school from Oberammergau and from Egypt, sending them not only his affectionate greetings, but lists of questions based upon the life of Jesus as portrayed at the Passion Play and upon the sojourn of the Israelites and, later, the legendary sojourn of the Holy Family in Egypt. Such communications serve the double purpose of deepening the affection between minister and pupils and of giving a direct and living interest in the subject treated in the questions.

One important matter, too often, probably, overlooked, is the sending of announcements of the opening of schools directly to the members. A brief reminder of the fact that school is to reopen on a certain Sunday will go far toward bringing the pupils back early in the season. All such notices should be well printed and, if possible, sent out as first-class mail matter. A prominent Sunday-school worker says that, especially with children, postage stamps talk, and that a one-cent stamp says quite loudly, "I am not worth two cents."

If we make much of the school in our own mind and actions, it will bulk large in the imagination of the child and so be more effective in accomplishing its purpose.

"We look for a new earth—a condition of things right here, into which it will be safe for a child to be born, safe for his body, his mind, his soul. We look for a new earth, and we have set ourselves to fashion it. We see a holy city coming when we build it."

Yes, that is the vision of the city of God; but we must also get the vision of the Home of God. The two belong together, and the one will not come down from heaven, save as the other grows up on the earth.

PASCAL HARROWER.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA L.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 9, 13, 12, 14, is the name of an old-time son.

My 8, 19, 11, 16, is a musical term.

My 14, 3, 7, 6, is a means of defence.

My 13 is an exclamation.

My 4, 1, 5, 17, is a father.

My 2, 10, 18, 19, is a public building.

My 6, 1, 9, 2, 5, is a summer luxury.

My whole is a message to the friends of the Recreation Corner.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 34.

ENIGMA XLVI.—Edward A. Horton.

ENIGMA XLVII.—The Children's Mission.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—(1) Derby. (2) Erie. (3) Orange. (4) Russell. (5) Burns. (6) Brussels. (7) Hudson. (8) May.

CONUNDRUMS.—(1) A-dri-atic. (2) A violin (vile inn). (3) Proofreader.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 35.

ENIGMA XLVIII.—Orthopaedic Hospital.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Henry Hudson.

WORD SQUARE.—H O M E

O P A L

M A I L

E L L A

HIDDEN FOREIGN CITIES.—(1) Athens. (2) Nice. (3) London. (4) Geneva. (5) Paris. (6) Moscow. (7) Naples. (8) Rome. (9) Madrid. (10) Munich.

As this number completes the present volume, the answer to the above Enigma will not be published, but our readers will easily find it for themselves.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Marion L. Whitmarsh, Neponset, Mass.; Gordon Atwood, Whitman, Mass.; Katherine Kimball, Portland, Me.; Ruth Elsa Hubbell, East Lexington, Mass.; and Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass.

Contributions have been received from K. W., Worcester, Mass.; J. W., Nashua, N.H.; Helen J. Schiel, Cincinnati, Ohio; S. Gordon Atwood, Whitman, Mass. We regret that we have not been able to publish all the good things that have been sent to us, but many of these will be used in the next volume.

Little Sigrid was born in America, of Norwegian parents. "What is your nationality, Sigrid?" asked the teacher. Sigrid tossed her flaxen braids. "I'm an American of Norwegian design," she said proudly.

Harper's Magazine.

Rabbi Gamaliel ordered his servant Tobi to bring something good from the market, and he brought a tongue. At another time he told him to bring something bad, and he also returned with a tongue. "Why did you on both occasions fetch a tongue?" the Rabbi asked. "It is the source of good and evil," Tobi replied: "if it is good, there is nothing better; if it is bad, there is nothing worse."

## THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

Subscription price, twenty-five cents a year.

Entered as second-class mail matter, September 23, 1910, at the post-office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

REV. WILLIAM I. LAWRENCE, PRESIDENT.

25 Beacon Street, Boston.

GEORGE H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON





